THE

AERONAUT.

No. 100. Sep. 3. 1817

To the Aeronauts.

Gentlemen,

I must be permitted to say that your correspondent, Mr Minim,* discovers much more the fretfulness and peevishness of an old bachelor, than the fine melodious feelings of an adept in the soul-soothing

* See Number

science of music. And I am confirmed in my suspicion of his real character, by the ill-natured jeer which he indulges himself in at "some cracked "voice that has sung for the last fifty "years, and is getting no better for "practice." We all know he means some unfortunate creature who is unfeelingly dubbed with the sneering title of "Old maid". Now Mr Minim may be informed, if he pleases, that there would be fewer cracked voices fifty years old, if there were not so many Mr. Minims in the world. When old bachelors complain of the discordant voices of "old maids", let them remember, that is has been in the power of most of them, (not all,) at some time or another, to have rendered at least one voice pleasant & harmonious. Ordinarily speaking, there are two chances for melody in a Duet, to one in a Solo.

But, sirs, this was not the real object of my troubling you with this letter. I am more disposed to redeem the character of our city from his slander, than to defend the music of the sex. Is it possible that any mortal, let his name be Minim, or Crotchet, can have lived in this great metropolis, & not have discovered that it is not more remarkable for any one thing, not even for the cleanliness of its streets, or the comeliness of the four-footed perambulators of those streets, than for its music? If he has not yet made this discovery, I am afraid his temper must be ruffled from day to day with the jargon of dull times, & his ears dinned with three per cent a month; in short, that he listens too much to the "Jew's-harp," to relish any other music, and by

the time he is ready to take his solitary walk at evening up Broadway, that every fiddle-string in his disposition is either broke, or sadly out of tune. Where are his ears at the dawn of day, when the poor miserable little smuts begin their sweeping notes? Has he never heard the overwhelming melody of the clam-peddlars from street to street? Has he never encountered those lineal descendants of St Cecilia, the Communipaw dealers in buttermilk? In his daily rambles before three o'clock, has he never had the pleasure of listening to the dulcet-bell and notes of a well known dirt-cart man? Above all, if he ever ventures abroad at this sultry season of the year, after the shades of evening are spread over the heavens, has he not had every fibre of his soul thrilled with the seraphic sounds

of — "Hot-corn! Hot corn!" — Even as late as the ghostly hour of twelve, when gloomy midnight reigns, these little songsters regale the ears of every body within half a mile of them with their breast-enlivening music. Has Mr. Minim never heard their notes?

The truth is, and I have no doubt it is the case with this grumbletonian, that if men are not musically born, they never grow to it. It is impossible for them to relish that which they cannot realize, & having no ear for music, they affect a great deal of sensibility, and make up in fretting, what they cannot understand or feel. I have therefore nothing more to say, only that the man who complains in this city of New-York for the want of music, had better purchase a country seat in some sequestered spot, with a grove inhabited by crows

on one side, and a pond stored with bull-frogs on the other, and between the two, endeavor to learn more civility than to complain of "cracked voices," and "hand-organs."

I am
Respectfully yours, &c
RACHEL BAG-PIPE.*

D

"GENTLES, Cambridge, Mass.

"Observing that your paper is republished in Boston, I thought you would not be unwilling to receive a communication from that quarter. I am desirous of having your opinion with regard to the magnanimity of my conduct, as I am one of those choice spirits which are not very commonly found.

* The above letter was communicated by a correspondent, T. D. Esq. —

"I am, gentlemen, a Student in Harvard University; but as you are unacquainted with me, I deem it unnecessary to inform you what class I am in, for several particular reasons. My father sent me here to become as he said a great scholar; and no doubt he looked forward to my becoming an ornament to my country. I soon learnt that this is mere vulgarity of sentiment. I soon laid aside my habits of industry, & engaging in all the escapes of the collegians, got my character up for a person who stickled at nothing. I was tipsy at least once a week, assisted in taking down every sign in Cambridge, and other exploits of the like kind, was absent at least sixty times from prayers every term, and at least thirty times from recitation. I have been threatened with expulsion four times, & have been refused any

more money by my father. In addition to this, I have learned to curse and swear in the most masterly manner, have had my head broken times without number, and was once laid up 8 weeks by breaking my arm in scaling a wall to steal turkies. In my opinion, all this evinces a nobleness of spirit, & a greatness of mind, which deserves being made public; and if you do not act as I am desirous you should, I will brand you as despicable cowards; as men who want to palm off your stale good behaviour on the world, while generosity of soul like mine lies unknown & neglected.

"In the mean time
Allow me to subscribe
myself
ROGER FANFARON.

We publish the last letter, not from any apprehension of our blustering correspondents threats, but merely to let our readers see the character of a college blood in his own words. It is a melancholy thing, that many young men, upon entering college, think it necessary to assume airs of importance, to neglect the studies they were sent to pursue, and to make that the sent of folly and extravagance which presents to them the opportunities of study, and improvement. The next letter is from a young lady.

"Aerial gentlemen,

"Though I have the reputation of having a very delicate frame, incapable of bearing fatigue, and though I appear in all public assemblies with all that languor & weakness which I am conscious adds a charm to females in the

eyes of the other sex, yet I can assure me, that I partake something of the nature of an amazon. I have lately married an old man twenty five years older than myself, and shall therefore begin to leave off these languishing airs, and appear in my true character. I have been practising this summer at our country residence several pranks which I shall probably bring forward next winter in town. It was only yesterday that I made the coachman ride behind, while I mounted the box, and took the reins myself; and though I say it, yet you may rest assured, that there never was a carriage driven by a prettier charioteer. Indeed, I do not see why dashing young ladies like myself and a few others whom I might name, should not be allowed the privilege of usurping the coachman's seat as well as the innumerable bucks that we see constantly in

the practice of this; for they are no otherwise entitled to the attributes of manliness. I have had some thoughts of driving a high curricle, or sailing down town pow in hand. As you appear to me to be rather flighty gentlemen, may let me know whether my schemes do not please you. My old husband does not trouble himself much about me; so that if you approve of my plans, I shall put them into execution as soon as possible, and in the mean time remain

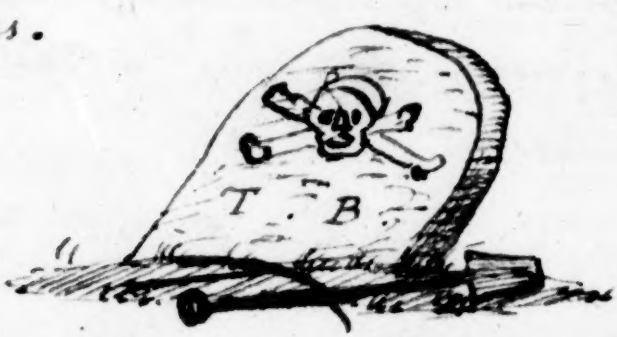
"Yours truly,

"ABIGAIL DROVER".

We conclude this number with the following communication, which we have been assured is authentic. Judicet lector.

Obituary.

Died, On Saturday last, of a galloping consumption,

TIM: BLUNDERBUSS, Esq.

aged seven weeks and a few days. This gentleman began life with blustering, and having attained a premature growth, paid very soon the debt of nature. He has left behind him a work on which posterity may dwell with rapture; but in which grocers rejoice to wrap their wares. We are sorry to state, that he died insolvent, and that his body has been seized by the creditors & on account of the powder & shot which he borrowed largely & uselessly expended. He is supposed to have belonged to a gang of literary highwaymen, and to be intimately connected with the Forum. And so rest in peace his mouldering bones.